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TRACED IN BLOOD
OR
The Little Old Man of the Batignolles.

EMILE GABORIAU.

CHAPTER IX.

To reach Monistrol's shop we had only to cross the street.

This was done in four strides.

At the sound of the opening door a little servant, fifteen or sixteen years old, shabbily dressed and with tangled hair, came out of the back shop.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" she asked.

"Is Madame Monistrol in?"

"Yes, gentlemen, and I'll tell her you are here, because, you see—"

M. Mechinet did not give her time to finish.

With a somewhat rude movement, I confess, he thrust her out of his way and entered the back shop, saying:

"Very well; since she is in I'm going to speak to her."

I followed at my worthy neighbor's heels, sure that we should not go away without having the clue to the enigma.

The back shop was a gloomy apartment, which served for dining, drawing and sleeping room.

It was in disorder, and had the incongruous appearance often seen in the homes of the poor people who try to seem rich. At one end was a bed with blue silk curtains and pillow cases trimmed with lace, and before the mantel-piece was a table loaded with the remains of a by no means simple breakfast.

A fair-haired young woman sat, or rather reclined in a large arm-chair, holding in her hand a sheet of stamped paper.

This was Mme. Monistrol.

Certainly when her neighbors had told us of her beauty, their description fell far short of the reality. I was actually dazzled.

Only one circumstance excited my disapproval: she was attired in deep mourning, a crepe dress, cut slightly low in the neck, which was marvelously becoming.

This showed too much presence of mind for great sorrow. It seemed like an actress dressing herself in advance for the part she is to play.

She started like a timid roe at our entrance, and in a voice apparently choked with tears, asked:

"What do you want, gentlemen?"

M. Mechinet had noticed what I had remarked.

"Madame," he answered harshly, "I am sent here in the service of the law; I am a detective."

At this statement she sank back in the arm-chair with a moan that would have softened a tiger.

Then suddenly, in a frenzy of excitement, with sparkling eyes and quivering lips, she exclaimed:

"Have you come to arrest me? You are welcome. I am ready—take me away. I shall join the honest man you arrested yesterday. Whatever his fate may be, I wish to share it. He is as innocent as I am—no matter. If he must be a victim to an error of human justice it will be a last joy to die with him."

She was interrupted by a low growl, which proceeded from one of the corners of the shop.

I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a black dog, with bristling hair and blood-shot eyes, showing his teeth, just ready to spring at us.

"Down, Pluto!" said Mme. Monistrol, "lie down; these gentlemen will do me no harm."

Slowly, still fixing its eyes fiercely upon us, the animal retreated under the bed.

"You are right in saying that we will do you no harm, Madame," said M. Mechinet, "we did not come to arrest you."

She did not seem to hear.

"This very morning," she continued, "I received this paper, which commands me to go at 3 o'clock to the Palais de Justice, to the office of the examining magistrate. What do they want of me? Oh, Heaven! what do they want of me?"

"To obtain information, which, I hope, will prove your husband's innocence. So don't look upon me as an enemy, Madame. I wish to ascertain the truth."

He took up his snuff-box, hastily thrust his fingers into it, and in a solemn tone, which I did not recognize, continued:

"It is for you to decide, Madame, what answer you will make to the questions I shall have the honor of addressing to you. Will you reply frankly?"

She fixed her large blue eyes, wet with tears, upon my worthy neighbor, and said in a tone of sorrowful resignation:

"Question me, sir!"

For the third time, I repeat, I was utterly inexperienced. And yet the manner in which M. Mechinet had commenced this examination disturbed me.

He was betraying his perplexities in advance, it seemed to me, and instead of pursuing a fixed object, dealt his blows hap-hazard.

Ah, if he would have let me speak! Ah, if I had dared!

M. Mechinet, with an impenetrable face, was seated opposite to Mme. Monistrol.

"You must know, Madame," he began, "that night before last, at eleven o'clock, Monsieur Pigoreau or Antenor, your husband's uncle, was murdered."

"Alas!"

"Where was Monsieur Monistrol at that hour?"

"Oh, heavens! it is a fatality."

M. Mechinet's face remained immovable.

"I ask you, Madame," he persisted, "where your husband spent the evening of the day before yesterday?"

It was some time before the young wife replied; her sobs seemed to be choking her. At last, controlling herself, she moaned:

"My husband spent the evening out of the house."

"Do you know where he was?"

"Oh, yes! One of our workmen, who lives at Montrouge, had promised to bring us a set of false pearls, and did not keep his word. We ran the risk of losing the order, which would have been a misfortune, for we are not rich. So at dinner my husband said to me: 'I'm going to that rascal's house!' And about 9 o'clock he went out and I accompanied him to the omnibus, which he entered before my eyes in the Rue Etchelien."

I breathed more freely. This might be an alibi after all.

M. Mechinet had the same thought, and continued in a gentler tone:

"If that is so, your workman will be able to swear he saw Monsieur Monistrol at his house at 11 o'clock."

"Alas! no."

"How? Why?"

"Because he had gone out. My husband didn't see him."

"That is certainly a fatality. But perhaps the *concierge* may have noticed Monsieur Monistrol?"

"Our workman lives in a house where there is no *concierge*."

This might be the truth. It was certainly a terrible charge against the unfortunate prisoner.

"And at what time did your husband return?" continued M. Mechinet.

"A little after midnight."

"You did not think he had been absent very long?"

"Oh, yes; and I even scolded him for it. He said, to excuse himself, that he had taken the longest way, strolled slowly along, and stopped at the cafe to drink a glass of beer."

"How did he look when he came in?"

"He seemed vexed, but that was very natural."

"What clothes did he wear?"

"Those he had on when he was arrested."

"You noticed nothing unusual about him?"

"Nothing."

CHAPTER X.

Standing a little behind M. Mechinet, I could watch Mme. Monistrol's face at my leisure, and detect the most trifling expressions of feeling.

She seemed overwhelmed with grief, large tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and yet at times I fancied I could detect, in the depths of her large blue eyes, something like a gleam of joy.

"Could she be guilty?" I thought.

And this idea, which had already occurred to me, presenting itself still more obstinately to my mind, I hastily advanced and said, brusquely:

"But you, Madame, where were you during this fatal evening, while your husband was going on his useless errand to Montrouge to find his workman?"

She looked at me with a bewildered gaze, and answered, gently:

"I was here, Monsieur. There are witnesses who will prove it."

"Witnesses?"

"Yes, Monsieur. It was so warm that evening that I wanted some ice-cream, but did not care to eat it alone. So I sent my servant to invite two of my neighbors, Madame Dorstrich, the wife of the shoe-maker, whose shop adjoins ours, and Madame Remaille, the glove-seller opposite. They accepted my invitation, and stayed here until half-past eleven. Ask them; they will tell you so. Amid the cruel trials to which I am subjected, this accidental circumstance is a special favor of Providence."

Was it an accidental circumstance?

This was the question M. Mechinet and I asked each other with a glance as rapid as lightning.

When chance is so very intelligent, serves a cause so aptly, it is difficult not to suspect it of having been a little arranged.

But this was not the right moment to reveal the depth of our thoughts.

"You have never been suspected, madame," said M. Mechinet, shamelessly.

"The worst that could be supposed is that your husband told you something about the crime before committing it."

"Monsieur, if you knew us—"

"Stop! Your business is not very prosperous, we have been told; you are embarrassed."

"Temporarily, yes; but—"

"Your husband must have been unhappy and anxious about this precarious situation. He must have grieved especially for your sake, for you whom he worships—you who are young and beautiful; for you, far more than himself, he must have ardently desired the luxuries and pleasures wealth procures."

"Monsieur, I tell you once more, my husband is innocent."

M. Mechinet, reflecting deeply seemed to be filling his nose with snuff. Then he said suddenly:

"Deuce take it! Then how do you explain his confession? An innocent man who declares himself guilty at the bare mention of the crime of which he is suspected, is rare, madame."

A fleeting blush crimsoned the young wife's face.

For the first time her glance, till now frank and clear, became wandering and troubled.

"I suppose," she replied, in an indistinct voice, with a fresh burst of tears—"I think my husband, terrified and bewildered at finding himself accused of so great a crime, lost his senses."

M. Mechinet shook his head.

"Perhaps," said he, "a passing frenzy might be admitted; but this morning, after a long night spent in reflection, Monsieur Monistrol persisted in his confession."

Was this true? Did my worthy neighbor invent it? or, before calling for me, had he gone to the prefecture to get the latest intelligence?

However this might be, the young wife seemed on the point of fainting; and, hiding her face between her hands, murmured:

"Merciful Heaven! my poor husband has gone mad!"

This was not my opinion. Convinced, henceforward, that I was playing a part in a farce, and the young wife's despair was only a lie, I asked myself whether, for certain reasons that escaped my detection, she had not determined the terrible resolution taken by her husband; and whether, if he were innocent, she did not know the real criminal?

After addressing a few words of commonplace consolation to the wife, M. Mechinet gave her to understand that she would dispel many prejudices by assisting, with a good grace, in a minute examination of her home.

She seized upon this opening with eagerness that was evidently unfeigned.

"Look, gentlemen," said she; "examine, rummage everywhere. You will do me a service, and it won't take long. We have only the shop—the back shop—where we are now; our servant's room in the sixth story, and a little cellar. Here are the keys."

To my great astonishment M. Mechinet accepted them, and appeared to be making the most thorough and patient investigation.

What was his object? He must have some secret purpose, for the search would evidently end in nothing.

When he had apparently finished, he said:

"The cellar is still to be examined."

"I'll take you there, monsieur," said Mme. Monistrol.

And instantly seizing a lighted candle she led us across a court-yard upon which a second door in the back shop opened, and guided us by a very slippery staircase to a door, which she unlocked, saying:

"Here it is—walk in, gentlemen."

I began to understand.

My worthy neighbor had scrutinized the cellar with a rapid, practiced glance. It was in wretched order. A small cask of beer stood in one corner, and directly opposite, fastened by sticks of wood, was a hogshead of wine furnished with a wooden tap. On the right were ranged about fifty full bottles.

M. Mechinet did not lose sight of these bottles, and found an opportunity to move one closer another.

What I saw, he also noticed; not one was sealed with green wax.

So the cork I had picked up, and which had served to protect the point of the murderer's weapon, did not come from the Monistrols' cellar.

"Well," said M. Mechinet, feigning disappointment, "I find nothing—we can go back."

We did so, but not in the same order that we had gone down, for in returning I went first.

I therefore opened the door of the back shop and the Monistrols' dog instantly rushed at me, barking so furiously that I started back.

"The deuce! It's your savage dog," said M. Mechinet to the young wife, who had already driven it away by a wave of the hand.

"No, indeed, he isn't savage," she replied, "only a good watchdog. We are jewellers, more exposed to thieves than other shopkeepers, so we trained him."

Mechanically, as one always does after having been threatened by a dog, I called this one by his name, which I knew.

"Pluto! Pluto!"

But instead of approaching me, the animal drew back, growling and showing his sharp teeth.

"Oh, it's useless for you to call him," said madame, thoughtlessly, "he won't follow you."

"Why so?"

"Because he is faithful, like all dogs of that breed, and will obey no one but his master and myself."

This apparently unimportant remark was a flash of light to me. Without reflecting, far more hasty than I should be now, I exclaimed:

"Then where was this faithful dog on the evening of the crime, madame?"

This point-blank question produced such an effect upon her that she almost dropped the candlestick she still held in her hand.

"I don't know," she stammered; "I don't remember."

"Perhaps he followed your husband."

"Yes, yes; now I seem to recollect."

"Then he is trained to follow carriages, for you told us you went to the omnibus with your husband?"

She was silent, and I was about to continue, when M. Mechinet interrupted me. Far from taking advantage of the young wife's agitation, he seemed to be trying to soothe her, and after having urged her to obey the magistrate's summons, drew me away.

"Have you lost your senses?" said he, when we were outside.

The reproach wounded me.

"Is it losing my senses," I retorted, "to find the solution of the problem? I have it. Monistrol's dog will guide us to the truth."

My eagerness drew a smile from my old neighbor, who answered in a fatherly tone.

"You are right," said he, "I understand you perfectly. Only, if Mme. Monistrol has guessed your suspicions, the dog will die or vanish before morning."

CHAPTER XI.

I had certainly committed a great piece of imprudence, but, nevertheless, I had found the weak point in the armor, the joint by which the most solid system of defense could be shattered.

I, a volunteer, had seen clearly where the old stager in the detective force was merely groping his way.

Another man would have been jealous and borne me a grudge. He was not one of that sort.

He thought only of turning my lucky discovery to account, and as he said, it ought not to be impossible now that the case turned upon a fixed fact.

We therefore entered a neighboring restaurant to consult about the matter while breakfasting.

This was the state of the problem, which an hour before had seemed insoluble.

It was proved that Monistrol was innocent. Why had he declared himself guilty?

We thought we could guess, but that was not the question at present.

We were equally sure that Mme. Monistrol had not stirred from her house on the evening of the murder. But everything proved that she had been aware of it, even if she had not advised and planned it, and consequently was well acquainted with the assassin.

Who was this assassin?

A man whom Monistrol's dog followed as it did its owners, since he had made it follow him when he went to the Batignolles.

So it was some one who was an intimate friend of the Monistrol family.

He must hate the husband, however, since he had combined all the circumstances with infernal skill to throw suspicion upon the unfortunate man.

On the other hand, he must be very dear to the wife, since, knowing him, she would not give him up, unhesitatingly sacrificing her husband.

Then—

Oh! the conclusion was reduced to a formula. The assassin could only be a miserable hypocrite, who had abused the husband's affection and confidence to win the love of the wife.

In short, Mme. Monistrol, belying her reputation, undoubtedly had a lover, and this lover was necessarily the criminal.

Full of this certainty, I racked my brain to discover some infallible stratagem that would enable us to reach the scoundrel.

"This is the way we ought to operate, I think," I said to M. Mechinet.

"Madame Monistrol and the murderer must have agreed that after the crime they would not see each other for some time; this is the most elementary prudence. But ere long the woman will grow impatient and want to see her accomplice. Let us station a spy near her to follow her every where, and before forty-eight hours the affair will be settled."

M. Mechinet paused a moment before replying, mumbling a few unintelligible words.

"You haven't hit it. You have the genius of the profession, that I don't deny, but you lack experience. Fortunately I have it. What! A remark about the crime puts you on the scent, and you don't follow it up."

"How so?"

"This faithful dog must be utilized."

"I don't understand."

"Then learn to wait. Madame Monistrol will go out about two o'clock, to reach the Palais de Justice about three; the little servant will be alone in the shop—you'll see, that's all I shall tell you."

In fact, my entreaties were useless; he would say nothing more, avenging himself for his defeat by this very innocent bit of malice. Willing or not, I had to accompany him to the nearest *cafe*, where he made me play dominoes.

I played badly, being absorbed in thought, and he was shamefully taking advantage of it to beat me, when the clock struck two.

"Up to our posts!" he said, dropping the dominoes.

He paid the bill, we went out, and the instant after were again standing like sentinels in the doorway, from which we had watched the approaches to Monistrol's shop.

We had not been there ten minutes when Mme. Monistrol appeared on the threshold, dressed in black, with a large crepe veil, like a widow.

"A beautiful toilette in which to appear before the magistrate," grumbled M. Mechinet.

She gave her little servant a few orders and walked rapidly away.

My companion waited patiently five minutes, and when he supposed the young wife was a long distance off, said:

"It is time."

We again entered the jewelry shop.

The little servant was there alone, sitting behind the counter, nibbling a piece of candy stolen from her mistress.

As we entered, she recognized us, and started up, blushing and terrified. But M. Mechinet, without giving her time to open her lips, asked:

"Where is Madame Monistrol?"

"She has gone out, sir."

"You are deceiving me. She's in the back shop."

"Assure you she isn't, gentlemen. Look for yourselves."

M. Mechinet, with an air of the greatest annoyance, struck his forehead, exclaiming:

"How unfortunate it is! how sorry that poor Madame Monistrol will be!"

Then, as the little servant stared at him with open mouth and eyes dilated with astonishment, he continued:

"But perhaps you can take your mistress's place, my pretty girl. I came back because I have lost the address of the gentleman she asked me to visit."

"What gentleman?"

"You know very well; Monsieur—there now, I've forgotten his name! Monsieur—zounds, you know him! The gentleman your confounded dog obeys so well."

"Oh, Monsieur Victor?"

"Yes; that's it. What does the gentleman do?"

"He's a journeyman jeweler—a great friend of my master. They worked together when Monsieur Monistrol was a journeyman jeweler, and that's why he can do anything he likes with Pinto."

"Then you can tell me where Monsieur Victor lives?"

"Certainly. He lives in the Rue du Rol-Dore, No. 23."

The poor girl seemed delighted to be so well informed, and I could not help feeling sorry to hear her so unsuspiciously denounce her mistress.

M. Mechinet, who was more hardened, had no such scruples, and even closed the scene with a sorry jest.

Just as I opened the door for us to retire—

"Thank you," he said to the young girl, "thank you. You have just done Madame Monistrol a great service, and she will be delighted."

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as we were on the sidewalk, I had but one idea.

To rush to the Rue du Rol-Dore and arrest this Victor, the real criminal, was evidently the first thing to be done.

A few words from M. Mechinet fell upon my enthusiasm like a shower bath.

"And the law," said he. "Without a warrant from the examining magistrate, I can do nothing. We must go to the Palais de Justice."

"But we shall meet Madame Monistrol, and if she sees us she will warn her accomplice."

"Be it so," replied M. Mechinet, with ill-disguised bitterness, "be it so. The criminal will escape, and the forms of law will be satisfied. But I can avert the danger. Walk on, walk faster."

And, in fact, the hope of success gave him the speed of a deer. On reaching the Palais de Justice, he went up the steep staircase leading to the magistrate's rooms four steps at a time, and speaking to the head sheriff, asked if the magistrate who had charge of *the little old man of the Batignolles* was in his office.

"Yes," replied the officer, "with a witness—a young lady dressed in black."

"That's undoubtedly she," said my companion.

Then, turning to the officer, he continued:

"You know me. Give me some materials to write a few words for you to take to the magistrate."

The officer went away with the note, and soon returned to tell us that the magistrate would see us in No. 9.

To receive M. Mechinet he had borrowed the office of one of his colleagues, leaving Mme. Monistrol in his own room under the care of his clerk.

"What is it?" he asked, in a tone that enabled me to measure the gulf that separated a magistrate from a poor detective.

M. Mechinet briefly and clearly related the steps we had taken, their results and our hopes.

Need I say that the magistrate did not appear to share our belief?

"But since Monistrol confesses," he repeated with an obstinacy that exasperated me.

However, after numerous explanations, he said:

"I will sign a warrant."

Once in possession of this indispensable document, M. Mechinet went away so fast that I nearly fell as I rushed down the staircase after him. A *fiacre* horse couldn't have kept up with us. I doubt if we were fifteen minutes in going to the Rue du Rol-Dore.

But when we were once there, "Be careful," said M. Mechinet. And with a calmness fair in the world, he entered the narrow hall of the house bearing the number 23.

"Monsieur Victor?" he said to the *concierge*.

"Fourth floor, right hand door."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes."

M. Mechinet took a step toward the staircase, then seeming to change his mind, turned again to the *concierge*, saying:

"I must treat this worthy Victor to a bottle of good wine. Do you know to what shop he goes?"

"The one opposite."

We rushed across the street, and M. Mechinet with the air of a customer, ordered—

"One bottle, if you please, of the best; the green seal."

Upon my honor, that idea had never occurred to me during all this time! And yet it was very simple.

The bottle having been brought, my companion produced the cork found on M. Pigoreau's floor, and it was easy for us to prove the identity of the wax.

Positive certainty was now added to moral conviction, and M. Mechinet knocked at Victor's door with a firm hand.

"Come in," called a pleasant voice.

The key was in the door. We entered, and in a very neat room I saw a man about thirty years old, with a slight figure, pale complexion and fair hair, who was working at a bench.

Our presence didn't seem to disturb him.

M. Mechinet advanced, and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"I arrest you in the name of the law."

The man turned livid, but did not lower his eyes.

"Are you playing a trick on me?" he said tremulously. "What have I done?"

M. Mechinet shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't act like a child," said he, "your account is settled. You were seen to leave Pere Antenor's rooms, and I have in my pocket the cork you used to prevent the point of your dagger from breaking."

This was like a blow to the rascal's neck. He sank into his chair, stammering:

"I am innocent."

"Tell that to the magistrate," said M. Mechinet, coolly, "but I am afraid he won't believe you. Your accomplice, Monistrol's wife, has confessed all."

Victor started up as if he had been moved by a spring.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "She knew nothing"—

"Then you did it alone! Very well. That's so much confessed."

Then addressing himself to me, like a man sure of his facts, he continued:

"Search the drawers, my dear M. Godeuil, you'll probably find this fine fellow's dagger, and undoubtedly his Dulcinea's love-letters."

The murderer's eyes gleamed with rage and he ground his teeth, but M. Mechinet's broad shoulders and iron grasp extinguished all desire to resist.

I found in a bureau-drawer everything my companion had told me to expect.

Twenty minutes after Victor, "neatly packed," that is the expression, in a *fiacre*, between my companion and myself, was rolling towards the prefecture of police.

"What!" said I to myself, bewildered by the simplicity of the scene, "is the arrest of an assassin, a man doomed to the scaffold, so easy as this?" I was to learn afterwards, to my cost, that there were more terrible criminals.

Victor, when he found himself in a cell, broke down and related all the particulars of his crime.

He had known Pere Pigoreau a long time, he said. His principal object in murdering him was to bring the punishment for the crime upon Monistrol. That was why he had dressed like him and been followed by Pluto. When the old man was once assassinated, he had had the horrible courage to dip the finger of the corpse in the blood to trace the five letters, *Monis*, which had nearly destroyed an innocent man.

"It was cleverly arranged," he said, with cynical boasting. "If I had succeeded I should have killed two birds with one stone—got rid of my friend Monistrol, whom I hate, and of whom I am jealous, and enriched the woman I love."

It was simple and terrible, certainly.

"Unfortunately, my lad," observed M. Mechinet, "you lost your wits at the last moment. People are never thorough. It was the left hand of the body that you dipped in the blood."

Victor started up.

"What!" he cried, "is that what betrayed me?"

"Precisely."

The scoundrel raised his arms to heaven, with a gesture of an unappreciated genius.

"That comes of being a real artist!" he cried.

Then, eyeing us from head to foot with a pitying air, he added:

"Pere Pigoreau was left-handed."

The criminal's prompt detection was owing to an error in the examination.

This lesson was not lost upon me. I fortunately remembered it in other very dramatic circumstances.

Monistrol was set at liberty the next day.

When the magistrate reproached him for the false confession that had exposed justice to a terrible error, he could get no answer except:

"I love my wife: I wanted to sacrifice myself for her, I believed her guilty."

Was she guilty? I would swear it.

She was arrested, but acquitted by the same court that sentenced Victor to the galleys for life.

M. and Mme. Monistrol now keep a wine-shop of by no means good repute at Vincennes. Their uncle's fortune is squandered, and they are in abject poverty.

THE END.

VERY PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

An Old Darkey Tells Why He Ceased To Depend on Providence.

I once had an old colored man in my employ who, after some experience in depending solely on Providence for assistance, came to the conclusion that the system was a failure, and that thenceforth he would go on the other tack, said Admiral Porter.

Talking with old Frank one day and finding him not so fervent as formerly, I took him to task about the matter, and in equaint negro fashion, and in language as forcible as that of Bacon, he handled the subject with the logic of a philosopher.

"Marsa," he said, "I done bin puttin' my 'pendence in Prov'dence fo' many long year, widout considerin' fo' a moment dat Prov'dence want wat you wite folks call 'kild proba,' fo' what he do fo' us.

"We gib our boardin'-house keeper tree dollars a week fo' corn-cob coffee an' jaybird hash, widout any objection, an' we walk all ober de town wid a gal on a hot afternoon, jist to gib her a chance to show herself off an' wriggle her bustle, but if we is called on, mebbe, to pay de Prov'dence by nevin' a obsekis outen ther way, den we gass to callin' on de Lawd to help us, an' we thinks it werry hard ebery time we wants don't jump up out ob de groun' de minute we ax fo' um, an', massa, never thinkin' on de subject 'as done cum to de conclusion dat de true motto is, 'God helps dem as helps demselves.'

"I tell you wy I 'as come to dis conclusion, massa, an' yer'l see dar is pherlosserphy in what I done.

"You 'member las' Tanksgibin' day, wen de President done make arrangements dat ebery darkey in dese 'Nited States shall hab tukkey fo' he dinner? Well, sah, 'se wait till jus' one week befo' Tanksgibin' day an' I see no signs ob dis chile gettin' nary tukkey. Dat was Monday, and 'se knel down an' pray to de Lawd fo' a tukkey till my knees was sore, but nary tukkey come along.

"Dat night dis chile go to bed werry much perplex 'bout de ways ob Prov'dence, an' come to de 'clusion dat sunthin' mus' be out ob jint an' dat de wheels wanted greasin'.

"All day Chewsday I was a-prayin', and de nearest I come to gettin' dat tukkey was wen Washington Lafayette Crow come to my do' 'bout sundown wid a big gobbler under he arm an' say:

"'Is Julius Jones libin' here?'

"'No,' says I, 'wat fo' yer ax dat question?'

"'Cos I hab a Tanksgibin turkey fo' him,' sez he.

"My heart went wallopin' down inter my boots to tink I come so near gettin' a tukkey, 'cos Julius done lib nex do'. I seen it 'mus' be a mistake somehow, an' dat dey I pray harder dan ebber, but no tukkey come, an' 'se go to bed perplexed wuzzer dan befo'.

"Wensday an' Thursday I pray all de time, but wildout success, an' my heart almos' busted, fo' I see all de niggahs bringin' home tukkeys, an' all de time my chances was a-lessenin'.

"Friday I prayed as hard as ebber, an' about sundown along come a flock of tukkeys, wid two men a-ridin' ob 'em, an' de tukkeys was a-gobblin' loud enuf to bust up a Mefodis' meetin'.

"Den my heart palpertated wid joy, fo' I tink that I hab a turkey, shuah. I stop prayin' and go to winder, and to and behole! de biggest tukkey ob de lot leb de flock an' run straight fo' my do', but de Lawd wasn't wid me, fo' de driber went arter de tukkey and dribe him back, an' dat am de las' I see ob de bird.

"Dan I tink my tactics wasn't right an' thought I'd change 'em. So I pray do Lawd ter gib me wisdom an' let me go forth an' find a tukkey myself, an' den I rekemember the motto:

"'De Lawd helps dem as helps demselves,' an' see at onst de error ob my ways.

"So I rise up an' go forth, like Hager into de wilderness of Beer-sheba, 'fo',' says I, 'is anything too difficult fo' de Lawd!' An', lo and behole! as I wandered in de dark me eyes was opened like Hager's was. She was a perishin' of thurst an' seed a well, an' I seed a dark object on de fence.

"My instink tole me dat my prayers hab been answered an' dat de object on de fence was nossing mo' nor less dan a roostin' tukkey. So I crawls up an' grabs him an' shoves him in a bag which I had fo' dat purpos'.

"Den I 'preshate de beauty ob dat motto which say, 'De L

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 19, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
HENRY MEYER, of Allegheny Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Boeler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,
THOMAS H. GREEVY, OF BLAIR CO.
FOR STATE SENATOR,
A. V. DIVELY, of Blair county.
FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

THE Republican doctrine is the more we are taxed the richer we become. We would all be millionaries if the tariff was only raised high enough.

CONGRESS is expected to adjourn on the 20th instant. At least this was the result of a conference on Friday between the leaders of the House and the Senate.

A DISTINGUISHED Democratic Senator gravely announced in Washington the other day that the President had an abiding faith in his re-election. "I have talked with him several times upon the subject," said he, "and he entertains no doubt about it. He regards himself as a man of destiny. He doesn't think he can be beaten."

MAYOR HEWITT has made public a letter addressed to the Committee of the Citizen's mass meeting which recently renominated him to the mayoralty. He accepts the nomination, but will be glad to withdraw if Tammany will consent to allow the Citizen's Committee to choose some other candidate than himself or the Tammany nomination.

EX-GOV. PORTER, of Indianapolis, while in Nashville, Tenn., recently, informed James Hampton, a leading and respectable citizen of the latter place, that "Benj. Harrison cannot carry Indiana in the approaching contest." Gov. Porter is the gentleman who repeatedly declined the Republican nomination for Governor of Indiana this year.

AMONG the immigration arrivals on the steamship Spain of the National line at New York, on Wednesday, was a party of destitute men and women, who had been sent over here by the duke of Buckingham, England. Some were sick and none had money, so the whole party will be returned to his grace on Saturday next with the compliments of the United States.

THE farmer must sell his wheat, corn, beef, pork, butter and cheese in the open markets of the world, in competition with all comers, and he must buy under a totally different rule which taxes nearly everything he consumes for the benefit of Monopoly. The farmers are beginning to understand the game of the spoilers who pillage them in the name of Protection to American Industry, says an exchange.

THE Senate Tariff bill was framed on the same principle that has governed in the preparation of all other monopoly tariff measures. The discrimination in favor of the rich and against the poor is continued. The tax on wool and woolens is increased, and the increase is larger on the cheaper grades of goods than on the finer and more expensive, thus making the discrimination worse even than it is under the exiscing tariff.

IN another column will be found the letter of acceptance of Allen G. Thurman, the Old Roman. The tax-payers will find that it has the ring of the true metal and plainly shows that excessive taxation, local, state or national is a burden on the people, repugnant to our institutions and should be stopped. The Old Roman always speaks so that he can be understood and is opposed to all extravagance and corruption in the handling and expenditure of the people's money. His letter is to the point and well worth reading.

CHARLES MACVEAGH, son of Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General under Garfield and a grand-son of General Simon Cameron, is a prominent young lawyer, who has always voted the Republican ticket. Last week Mr. MacVeagh called at the Democratic headquarters in New York, and offered his services as speaker during the campaign. He says he is "heart and soul for the re-election of Cleveland because he has given the country a clean, pure administration, and has the courage to favor tariff reform as against high taxes and monopolistic trusts."

ONE of the most apalling railroad accidents that ever occurred in Pennsylvania happened at Mud Run, near Wilkesbarre, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, on Thursday of last week.

The celebration of Father Matthew's day attracted thousands of people to Hazelton. Seven long excursion trains each drawn by two locomotives left Hazelton at 5 o'clock in the evening, on their return trip under orders to proceed at not less than ten minutes apart, all crowded with people who had been attending the celebration during the day. The first four trains passed through without mishap, but the fifth which left Hazelton at 5:50 on reaching Mud Run, a small station, without receiving any orders to go ahead, pulled out about 500 yards from the station and stopped, first sending out a flagman with signals to warn section six that was following. The signals were either not noticed or disregarded and section six drawn by two engines dashed into the rear of the standing train. The front engine plowed its way for a distance of twenty feet into the rear car which was filled with men, women and children, nearly all of whom were killed. The rear car was also driven into the next car almost half its length and the slaughter was fearful. The scene directly after the accident was one of horror to which no words could do justice. Jammed in among the broken woodwork of the cars were the dead and dying their blood spattered over everything and the groans and shrieks of those still living were heart rendering. Sixty-five were taken out dead or died in a short time afterward and a hundred more are badly hurt. The cause of the accident is being investigated and whoever is responsible should be promptly punished. It was caused by no sudden breaking or unforseen accident, but by inexcusable carelessness and should be followed by prompt and sure punishment.

"OLD HUTCH," of Chicago, the man who cornered wheat and sent it up away above its market price made thousands of poor people suffer and contribute to his wealth. It mattered little to him, with a million at his command, whether the loaves of bread grew smaller and the price larger, he would not suffer, but to the poor, who must at all times stretch the loaf to its utmost, it means hunger. But however we may condemn the action of "Old Hutch" and his method of making money it is only on a par with the monopolists who under a system of tariff protected trusts extort from the people prices for their goods far beyond their value and by liberal and lavish contributions to the managers of the g. o. p. seek to have the high prohibitory tariff continued and their system of robbing perpetuated. "Old Hutch" put the tariff on wheat and robbed the people by his own ingenuity aided by his wealth, while the beneficiaries of the tariff, with the same object in view, expect the g. o. p. to keep up the tariff or in other words do the cornering. It is the same system of robbing worked under different names. The one in the catagory of crime finds his parallel in the highwayman while the other would bemore fitly represented by a sneak thief.

OF all the "rot" says the *N. Y. World* that insults intelligence in the protection campaign of ignorance none is worse than that which represents a trifling reduction in the tariffi as "turning our home market over to England."

The entire merchant marine of England, with that of all Europe thrown in, could not transport to this country in ten years one-tenth of the demands of our home market for one year.

One of our great lines of railroad alone carries more tonnage in a year than all England's ships could float.

England controls her enormous home market for manufactured goods better than we do ours, pays the highest wages in Eupope, and sells abroad $1,343,335,000 worth of products, mostly manufactured, to our $752,180,000 worth, eight-tenths of which are agricultural or natural products, the same as half-civilized nations.

Our home market can neither run away nor be supplied from outside. It will buy nothing that it is not profitable to buy. And the way to increase it is to give our manufacturers raw materials as cheaply as their competitors buy them.

AN Indianapolis dispatch to the New York *World* says that the Republican camp in Indiana has been much shaken up by the strained relations between Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Harrison and Gen. Hovey, the Republican candidate for Governor. The situation was emphasized on Thursday by the singular appearance of Mr. Blaine speaking from the rear of General Alger's private car and General Hovey speaking at the same station from the rear of an ordinary coach. The correspondent writes: "Republicans are disgusted at this outcome of a personal spite which cannot be burried now, and at Mr. Blaine's refusal to meet General Hovey. It was commented upon as extraordinary that while Mr. Blaine was speaking at Tomlinson Hall General Hovey remained at the New Dennison, scarcely a block away. The conclusion that Indiana Democrats reach is that Mr. Blaine is determined to knife the Republican ticket. He stabbed it in New York by his indorsement of trusts. He came to Indiana against the express wishes of Mr. Harrison. He did not dare stab Mr. Harrison in the latter's own State, but by snubbing General Hovey and aiding in his defeat he might indirectly assist in defeating the National ticket."

THE agricultural department estimates the present crop of wheat at 411,000,000 bushels in round numbers. The *Farmers' Review* puts the total at 419,000,000. The actual product in 1887 456,000,000. The indicated shortage of 37,000,000 to 45,000,000 is considerable, of course, but, taken alone, is very far from justifying quotations in this country at prices higher than in any other market of the world. The world's product if placed at 1,832,000,000 bushels in 1888, against 1,977,000,000 last year. It is also estimated that this year the demands of the importing countries are 65,000,000 bushels beyond the surplus for export of the producing countries, including the United States. The New York *Financial Chronicle* estimates our surplus for export at an even 100,000,000 bushels, or say 20,000,000 under the exports of 1887.

THURMAN'S LETTER

Accepting the Nomination and Indorsing Democratic Principles.

COLUMBUS, October 14.—Following is Judge Thurman's letter of acceptance as given to the press this evening. The first draft of the letter was in the Judge's handwriting, copies showing only a few changes in punctuation from the original.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 12, 1888.

HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS and others, committee:

GENTLEMAN: In obedience to custom I send you this formal acceptance of my nomination for the office of Vice President of the United States, made by the National Convention of the Democratic party at St. Louis.

When you did me the honor to call upon me at Columbus and officially notify me of my nomination, I expressed to you my sense of obligation to the convention, and stated that, although I had not sought the nomination, I did not feel at liberty, under the circumstances, to decline it. I thought then, as I still think, that whatever I could properly do to promote the re election of President Cleveland I ought to do. His administration has been marked by such integrity, good sense, manly courage and exalted patriotism, that a just appreciation of these high qualities seems to call for his re-election.

I am strongly impressed with the belief that his re-election would powerfully tend to strengthen that feeling of fraternity among the American people that is so essential to their welfare, peace and happiness, and to the perpetuity of the Union and of our free institutions.

TARIFF AND SURPLUS.

I approve the platform of the St. Louis Convention and I cannot too strongly express my dissent from the heretical teachings of the monopolist that the welfare of a people can be promoted by a system of exhorbitant taxation far in excess of the wants of the government.

The idea that a people can be enriched by heavy and unnecessary taxation, that a man's condition can be improved by taxing him on all he wears, on all his wife and children wear, on all his tools and implements of industry, is an obvious absurdity.

To fill the vaults of the Treasury with an idle surplus for which the government has no legitimate use and to thereby deprive the people of our currency needed for their business and daily wants and to create a powerful and dangerous stimulus to extravagance and corruption in the expenditures of the government, seems to me to be a policy at variance with every sound principal of government and of political economy.

The necesity of reducing taxation to prevent such an accumulation of surplus revenue and the consequent depletion of the circulating medium, is so apparent that no party dares to deny it; but when we come to consider the modes by which the reduction may be made, we find a wide antagonism between our party and the monopolistic leaders of our political opponents.

We seek to reduce taxes on the necessaries of life; our opponents seek to increase them. We say, give to the masses of the people cheap and good clothing, cheap blankets, cheap tools and cheap lumber. The Republicans, by their platform and their leaders in the Senate, by their proposed bill, say, increase the taxes on clothing and blankets and thereby increase their cost; maintain a high duty on the tools of the farmer and mechanic, and upon the lumber which they need for the construction of their modest dwellings, shops and barns, and thereby prevent their obtaining these necessaries at reasonable prices.

EUROPE'S PAUPER LABOR.

Can any sensible man doubt as to where he should stand in this controversy? Can any well informed man be deceived by the false pretense that a system so reasonable and unjust is for the benefit of laboring men? Much is said about competition of American laborers with the pauper labor of Europe, but does not every man who looks around him see and know that an immense majority of the laborers in America are not engaged in what are called the protected industries? And as to those who are employed in such industries, it is not undeniable that the duties proposed by the Democratic measure called the Mills bill, far exceed the difference between American and European wages, and that therefore, if it were admitted that our workingmen can be protected by tariffs against cheaper labor, they would be fully protected and more than protected by that bill?

Does not every well-informed man know that the increase in price of home manufactures produced by a high tariff does not go into the pockets of the laboring man, but only tends to swell the profits of others?

It seems to me that if the policy of the Democratic party is plainly presented all must understand that we seek to make the cost of living less and at the same time increase the share of the laboring man in the benefits of national prosperity and growth. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALLEN G. THURMAN.

Mr. Blaine's Floundering.

Orator Blaine hath two tones to his voice. In the capitalistic East he ridiculed the outcry against trusts and said they were "largely private affairs" with which neither the national government nor private citizens have any particular call to interfere.

In the mortgaged and struggling West Mr. Blaine finds it politic to concede that trusts are, as the "World" has described them, "private affairs for public robbery." But he says all the bad trusts are "of Democratic origin."

How puerile! The great leader must indeed have lost his virile grip upon public questions.

There may be Democrats in control of trusts (though this is not true of the Standard Oil, as Mr. Blaine implied), just as there are Democratic beneficiaries of the tariff for bounties. But the Democratic policy is not changed for that reason. The party proposes to make war on trusts, just as it proposes to cut down the tariff. It is a Democratic Attorney General in this State, backed by a Democratic organization, who has brought suit against the Sugar Trust, while the Republican investigating Committee has "taken its hands off." The Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan may be a salt monopolist, as Blaine charges. But the Democratic bill puts salt on the free list.

The tariff notoriously promotes trusts by enabling combinations to control this market. This "foster mother of trusts" Mr. Blaine's party proposes to keep in full vigor forever. And his partisan sarcasm on men who are in the trusts will not be accepted as opposition to the trusts themselves.—*N. Y. World.*

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Tax Reform-- Advance!

It is a matter of little moment to the country whether President Cleveland or General Harrison shall be chosen President in November, so far as the character and qualifications of the candidates are involved. Both are admittedly honest and competent both have been tried in public trust and made creditable records, and either would make a patriotic and faithful President.

Which should be elected? There is one supreme issue involved in the contest, and both sides have met it manfully. Grover Cleveland demands the reduction of war taxes upon the necessaries of life and upon the raw materials necessary for industries to a standard that will furnish sufficient revenue for the government economically administered; and in that reduction he distinctly demands that the wages of American labor shall be fully protected. Benjamin Harrison demands that the present tariff policy of the country shall be substantially continued, and that revenue reductions shall be made chiefly on internal taxes and sugar, and that raw materials shall not be put upon the free list if any portion of our supply is produced at home.

The issue is simply one or tax reform, and it appeals to every citizen of every section and of every condition. It is an issue that has been forced upon Congress by the people; it was forced upon both parties four years ago and was given pledges by both which are yet unfulfilled, and it has wrung from an unwilling party in the Senate after long criticism of tariff agitation, a revised tariff measure to meet the Mills bill passed by the House.

The issue of tax reform requires no apology, no hesitation; no ambiguous expression. It is an issue that calls for an earnest and aggressive advance of its supporters. It is the cause of the people; the cause of equal taxation; the cause of enlarged industry; the cause of industrial prosperity and the foe of monopoly and oppression.

The people have groaned under high war taxes for half a generation after they had ceased to be a necessity, and to-day they are taxed full $80,000,000 annually that the government cannot expend. It has now $120,000,000 of the people's money in government vaults, withdrawn from the channels of commerce, industry and trade, and is daily collecting over $200,000 of unneeded revenue from our overtaxed industries. Such an issue calls for a bold, defiant advance of all who are ready to protest against extortionate taxes on the necessaries of life.

Our manufacturers are crippled and our American labor ill paid because of the extortionate war taxes continued on the raw malerials needed for our products. We are to day taxing consumers of woolens, which embrace every man, woman and child in the country, over 60 per cent. on their clothing, and yet allow English mills and English labor to supply nearly half our market, while our American mills and American labor languish in idleness, solely because we tax wool, chemicals and dye stuffs to an extent that forbids competition in our own markets.

As a rule, every champion of high war taxes appears before his audiences clad in English garments, to demand high taxes for the protection of our woolen industries. And why are these orators English clad? Why are not American cloths as good as English manufacture? Solely because the raw materials for good woolen cloths are so highly taxed that no American mill can buy them; and yet professed labor protectionists mock our workingmen by demanding that they shall be taxed into idleness and denied the right to supply their own markets with the products of their industry.

And why should every table be taxed for the salt upon it? And why should every home be taxed for the lumber in it? And why should every kitchen and every workingman's dinner pail be taxed for the tin in it? And why should every bed in the land be taxed double price or more for its blankets? And why should tariff taxes now average over 47 cents on every $1.00 of foreign goods consumed, when the highest protective tariffs before the war never exceeded 36 cents on the $1.00? These are not protective taxes; they are extortionate and they have bred monopoly combines and trusts until banded greed robs every consumer of the nation.

With such an issue and such a cause, there is but one order to be given along the whole line before the whole people. It is—Tax reform, advance!—*Phila. Times.*

They Give it Up.

So far as the argument on the issue is concerned the Republicans have abandoned the field to the Democrats. They have changed their tactics altogether and now rely soley upon what they can accomplish with the lavish and corrupt use of money. The monopoly beneficiaries of the high tariff have contributed largely of the tariff bounties wrung from labor to the Republican campaign fund. They have poured their surplus cash into the lap of Boss Quay and every dollar they have contributed was coined out of the sweat and blood of a workingman. They use the very money the tariff has enabled theme to wring from labor to purchase the success of monopoly candidates who will continue to aid them in crushing labor.

Boss Quay's methods are well understood in this State. They are utterly ineffective without the corrupt expenditure of money. They are based entirely on the idea that voters and election officers and political "workers" are purchaseable. The large sums raised for the use of the boss by the Philadelphia monopolists are to be applied in what are called the pivotal States—New York, Connecticut and Indiana. Fortunately the Democratic National Committe is fully apprised of Boss Quay's schemes and will do its utmost to checkmate his desperate moves. But it will require a large outlay to meet the expenses of a campaign of detection such as is necessary to unearth and prevent the fraud and corruption that are meditated by the Republican managers. The Democratic National committee has no rich monopolies to draw upon and is dependent entirely upon contributions from the rank-and-file of the party. Every Democrat who can spare a dollar should therefore send it to the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, Charles J. Canda, New York city. By so doing he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has contributed his mite toward the perpetuation of Democratic government and the defeat of the most corrupt conspiracy against free and fair elections ever concocted in this country.

We have driven the enemy from the field of argument into his entrenched camp whenever he will rally with his cohort of corruptionists and ballot-stuffers to make a last desperate effort to stifle true and honest expressions of the will of the people at the ballot-box. Let us assault him once more and rout him in the very den of iniquity to which he has withdrawn.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfation. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The amount of money in circulation in the United States was increased nearly $23,500,000 during September.

—Between the years of 1841 and 1886 Horseshoe Fall, of the Niagara Falls, has worn away 435 feet, and is now going back at the rate of about 9 feet a year.

—There has been in the Southern crop a steady increase without a single exception for the last five years, the gain in that period being an even 100,000,000 bushels.

—The first shipment of Russian petroleum, of 67,000 cans or 536,000 gallons, recently arrived in Japan, when American oil in that market at once dropped 5 cents per can.

—A Turk who was peddling along the road was walking on the track near Newton Hamilton on Monday morning, and was struck and fatally injured by Altoona Accommodation.

—George Haynes, of Potter county, who was sentenced to death for murder in 1874, but afterwards had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, has just been pardoned from the Western penitentiary.

—There is such a thing as a man being too good. A woman in Maine got a divorce from her husband because he went to temperance meetings six days during the week and on Sundays went to church twice.

—Helen Blanchard, who made a very large fortune through her invention of an "over and under attachment" for sewing machines, was so poor that she had to borrow money to pay the patent-office fees.

—A Hartwell Ga. divine tells of an eloping couple who were married on horseback while going full tilt, a Justice of the Peace galloping alongside of them, with an irate father in hot pursuit a short distance behind.

—A. H. Gillam, the artist, on Tuesday night cut his throat with a razor at his residence, No. 96 Dean street, Brooklyn, while suffering from malarial fever, and died from the effects of his wound early on Wednesday morning.

—Sydney Sprague, a farmer llying near Wapakoreta, O., placed $475 in a stove for safekeeping. Some one built a fire in the stove while he was away from home, and the next money he gets he will put in a savings bank.

—John L. Sullivan is only twenty-nine years of age. It is said that he has made and spent $300,000 in the last three years, and now, with an impaired constitution and a weakened right arm, he once more faces the problem of life.

—The largest single shipment of opium that ever reached San Francisco, arrived there last week aboard the steamer City of New York from Hong Kong. It weighed 16,460 pounds and at $10 per pound netted the Government in duty $164,600.

—Singleton Sheaffer, of New Bloomfield, Perry county, during the summer placed his books and papers in a tin-plate stove as a handy receptacle and place of safety. Recently the women folks put the stove to work and the consequence was these evidences of debts owing him were reduced to ashes.

—An Italian named Antonio Giaconio, was fatally stabbed on Saturday night to the heart in front of Cooper Union, New York, while a meeting was in full blast in the big hall, and many people were walking along the crowded thoroughfare. The unknown murderer escaped. The victim had $147 in his pocket.

—Misses Sallie Bergner and Emma Miller attempted to drive ahead of a herd of cattle, near Shartlesville, Berks county, on Tuesday, when a heifer struck their buggy with such force that the vehicle was completely wrecked. Both young ladies were hurled into a ditch, where they were found with scalp wounds. Their escape from death was miraculous.

—A car in local freight train east broke down at Lewistown on Monday afternoon, causing a wreck that blockaded the entire road untill 6 o'clock in the evening. Seven cars were badly damaged. Two tramps were stealing their way in one of the wrecked cars and one had his arm crushed and the other received fatal internal injuries. Brakeman Sailor was also slightly injured.

—"Look out mamma," cried Willie, the 6-year old son of William Morgan, of Donaldson, Schuylkill county, on Sunday evening. He then pointed a double-barreled shot gun at his mother and pulled the trigger, the charge taking effect in Mrs. Morgan's breast and in the head of her little 2 year-old child, which she was nursing. Both are in a critical condition and will probably die.

—An odd trial at law was concluded in Reading on Tuesday. The custom prevails among Pennsylvania Germans of giving each of their daughters a wedding outfit when she gets married. Emilene Feick, recently married to John Reach, brought suit against her grandfather, Michael Feick; by whom she was rared, because he failed to furnish the required outfit, and the jury awarded her $125.

—The oldest enterprise mentioned in history or known to tradition is only just approaching completion. That is the canal through the isthmus of Corinth, in Greece. History tells us that it was first planned 2,500 years ago and work was actually begun on it under the emperor Nero, over 1,700 years ago. When completed it will be four miles long and deep enough to float the largest vessels that navigate the adjacent seas.

—Father McFadden, of Gweedore, county Donegal, Ireland, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for holding unlawful meetings, has been released from the Londonderry jail two days before the expiration of his sentence. A crowd gathered outside the jail, and when Father McFadden made his appearance he was loudly cheered. He declared that his imprisonment had broken neither his health nor spirits, and he would continue to denounce the landlord's government.

—A professional cowboy, calling himself S. T. Cody, who has been in Reading for the past few days, was sent to jail Friday afternoon, in default of $1,000 bail, for a most heinous offense. He secreted himself in a cellar of a house in Franklin street, and as two little girls, aged about ten years, were passing, he caught one of them with a lasso and pulled her through the window. He tied her to a ring in the floor, but her cries attracting the attention of a passer-by, she was rescued, and her captor escaped, but was arrested later. Had it not been for the presence of the officers he would have been roughly handled by the parents of the little girls and their friends.

—Near Tamand siding, on the Pottsville branch of the Lehigh Valley road, Tuesday morning, a construction train, from which ties were being unloaded, was run into by a freight, killing six Hungarians and injuring 26 others, many of them fatally. Following are the names of the killed: Joseph Lovenski, Mike Cathlock, Ludwig Piks, John Lovenski, and two others who were known only by their numbers. The dead were horribly mangled, and as nearly everybody on the two trains was hurt, there was nobody to take care of the victims, and they lay in the ditches slowly dying from loss of blood. A portion of the body of one of the Hungarians was found in the headlight of the freight engine. It was three hours after the accident before doctors arrived. A brakeman was also killed, but his name is unknown here. The engineer of the freight train, which was rounding a curve, did not see the construction train until he was a hundred feet off. Both trains were badly wrecked.

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,

No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

LARGEST OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT IN AMERICA
KAUFMANNS'
5TH AVE. & SMITHFIELD ST. PITTSBURG, PA.
Great Fall Sale of our entire Gigantic Stock of Clothing, Cloaks, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps Furnishing and Fancy Goods, Trunks, Blankets &c., is now going on at the lowest prices ever named.
Everything must be sold without reserve or delay.
WE WILL Continue to pay our Customers fares to Pittsburg, and to those who can not attend this Sale personally we will send Gratis, on request, our illustrated Fashion Catalogue, containing all the new Styles, Quotations of prices and instructions on how to order goods by mail.
KAUFMANNS'
5TH AVE & SMITHFIELD ST. PITTSBURG, PA.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
Office in Colonnade Row.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on Centre street, near High

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

DR. OLDSHOE,
534 GRANT STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY and Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work.—Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 22.-1y.)

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STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

1794. 1888.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

ROBERT EVANS,

UNDERTAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,
Ebensburg, Pa.
A full line of Caskets always on hand.
Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.
Apl 30 86

WANTED--AGENTS
TO SOLICIT ORDERS
For our Choice and Hardy Nursery Stock Steady work for energetic, temperate men. Salary and expenses, or commission if preferred. The business quickly and easily learned. Satisfaction guaranteed to customers and agents. Write immediately for terms. State age. Address
R. G. CHASE & CO.
1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
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PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

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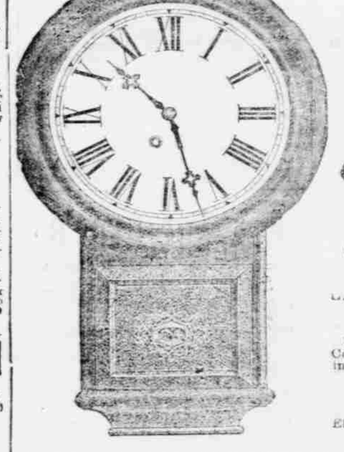
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winding.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.



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Manufacture THE Vehicle for the
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The most Stylish, Best finished and Most durable medium priced VEHICLES ever offered in America.
Send for full Illustrated Catalogue,
57, 59 and 61 Elm Street,
CINCINNATI, Ohio.

Wm. MURRAY & SON,
1315 1315
11TH AVE., ALTOONA, PA.
For the largest assortment of Ladies,' Misses' and Children's wraps, coats and jackets, and at the lowest possible cash prices go to Wm. Murray & Son's.
Sept. 28th, 1888.

CURRY UNIVERSITY.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Over 1,400 Students Last Year.
Classical; Scientific; Ladies' Seminary; Normal; Penmanship; Music; and Elocution Departments.
Curry Business College and Curry School of Shorthand
are separate schools, each having its own complete Faculty, providing the most through practical drill in its line obtainable.
Send for Catalogue of the Department you desire to enter.
JAMES CLARK WILLIAMS, A. M., Pres't.
July, 27, 1888.-3mo.

GREAT AMERICAN MEAT-CUTTER.
Unequalled and pronounced the best for Hash, Sausage, Mince Meat, Scrapple, Croquettes, Hamburg Steak, &c., &c. No. 130 sent, express prepaid, on receipt of $2.50.
AMERICAN M'F'G CO.,
224 S. Washington Ave.,
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ESSENTIAL OILS.
WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMINT, &c.
NY ROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.
of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of brokerage, commission, storage, &c., by
DODGE & OLCOTT,
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"PEERLESS"
LEADS THE WORLD.
$500 in Gold for General Superiority at Cincinnati Industrial Exposition after full trial and Expert test.

"Peerless" Traction and Portable Engines. "Domestic" and Creamery Engines. Steam Gang Plows. The "Geiser" Thresher and Cleaner.

Latest improved and cheapest Saw Mill on the market. Send for catalogue to
GEISER MANUFACTURING CO.,
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN CO., PA.
We want agents and invite correspondence.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 19, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—New goods at Eckenrode & Hopple's, Carrolltown.

—Wanted 500 bushels good chestnuts at McIlonald's, Loretto, Pa.

—C. A. Diamond, postmaster at Summerhill, was in town on Thursday.

—Mrs. J. K. Shryock, of Wilmore visited friends in this place this week.

—The season for killing wild turkeys came in on Monday last, October 15th.

—Mr. Michael Bracken, one of Gallitzin's best citizens, was in town on Wednesday.

—Tom Kerr, son of E. G. Kerr, of this place, is home from Johnstown on a visit.

—William Pearson shot a very fine doe at Dysart, Cambria county, last Thursday morning. It weighed 105 pounds.

—Miss Rebecca Rhodes and her brother, Godfrey, of Lancaster, visited Miss Carlotta Collins, of this place, this week.

—Dr. S. M. Kern, a well known physician of Wilmore, died at his home in that place on Monday last in the 65th year of his age.

—Messrs. R. T. Shields and George W. Street, two well known business men of Altoona, paid our office a short visit on Thursday.

—Rev. Father Ferd. Kittell, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Hollidaysburg, visited his mother, Mrs. William Kittell, of this place this week.

—A basket of cookies and a sack of flour was stolen from the cellar of Mr. John Benner, proprietor of the Cambria House, this place, on Friday last.

—Mrs. Sarah Davis, of Wilkesbarre and her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Zimmerman, of Johnstown are visiting friends and relatives in this place and vicinity.

—John Green, of Altoona, a brakeman on the P. R. R. was killed in the lower yard at that place on Wednesday while in the act of making a coupling.

—Mr. Otis Lloyd, formerly foreman of the *Herald* in this place, took his departure for Johnstown on Monday, where he has accepted a position in the *Tribune* office.

—For fall and winter goods go to Eckenrode & Hopple's, Carrolltown.

—The brick yard and drying shed of J. S. Vaughn & Sons in Altoona was destroyed by fire on Saturday last. The loss on machinery and fixtures is estimated at $10,000.

—The ball that was to take place at McCoy's Loretto House, on Saturday, the 20th inst., is indefinitely postponed on account of the sudden death of a sister of Mr. McCoy. COMMITTEE.

—A syndicate has purchased for $7,000, of Weaver & Betts, 2,000 acres of timber land in Clearfield county, which contains 30,000,000 feet of timber, one-third of which is pine.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Hon. Edward Callahan, of Scottdale, Westmoreland county, and Miss Ella House, of Allegheny township, Cambria county, were married on Monday at Loretto, by Rev. Father Bush.

—On Monday morning some of our energetic citizens took it into their own hands to clean the four street crossings at the "diamond" in this place. They deserve the thanks of the public.

—George Miller, of Grubbtown, while cutting wood in Somerset county on Wednesday last was struck by the limbs of a falling tree and instantly killed. He was about twenty years of age.

—A company of capitalists is building a saw mill at Curwensville, Clearfield county, that will have a daily capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber, employing 100 men and as many more in the woods.

—Colonade Row, an old landmark in Ebensburg on Centre street will soon be a thing of the past. The O'Hara Bro's, the present owners are having the offices removed to make way for a new building.

—Rev. Father Molyneux, assistant pastor of St. John's church, Johnstown, has been notified of his transfer to St. Paul's cathedral, Pittsburgh, and that he is to be succeeded at Johnstown by Father Denny, of the cathedral.

—W. Keith Hicks, whose home is at West Huntingdon, was killed on the railroad at Tyrone, on Tuesday last, while attempting to board a passing freight train. Both legs were crushed below the knee and his left hand was badly mangled.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—If in need of fall and winter goods go to Eckenrode & Hopple's, Carrolltown.

—Mrs. S. A. Thompson, of Allegheny city, wife of George Thompson, of the Pittsburg Western Locomotive Works, and a daughter of Mr. John T. Williams, of Cambria township, accompanied by her interesting little son, Johnnie, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

—The Loretto Merchandise Company offers the balance of their stock of dry goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, queensware and hardware at cost for cash or country produce. Persons indebted to the company are requested to call and settle their accounts.

—This has been a great potato year for most of the Centre county farmers, some of them having raised as high as 400 bushels to the acre, and from 200 to 300 bushels is quite common. Potatoes are being put in the cars at Centre hall and Coburn for 25 cents a bushel.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

—Miss Mamie Shoemaker and Miss Christina Bearer, two of Ebensburgh's most amiable young ladies, returned home yesterday, (Tuesday), after a brief visit to the city as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Phil. McDonald, of 1108 Fifteenth avenue, uncle and aunt of the young lady first named.—*Altoona Times.*

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., is selling off the following lines of goods at actual cost for cash or good marketable produce as follows: Dry goods, flannels, Kentucky jeans, ladies', misses' and children's shoes, also boy's and men's boots and shoes, hats, caps and clothing, etc. Now is your time to get bargains.

—The meeting for the purpose of organizing an Agricultural Association, to have been held on Wednesday evening was adjourned until Tuesday, November 13th. The committee appointed to report on a suitable location was unable to make a report on account of the absence of the owners of the land.

—The residence of W. Horace Rose, Esq., of Johnstown, caught fire on Tuesday afternoon about 3 o'clock and before the flames could be subdued the building and furniture were considerably damaged by fire and water. The fire is supposed to have originated from natural gas. Mr. and Mrs. Rose were absent at the time visiting relatives in Bedford county.

—The largest and finest line of fall and winter dress goods ever brought to Carrolltown is now being shelved at Eckenrode & Hopple's.

—William R. Hughes, of Carroll township, met with a severe loss last week. Two fine horses died within a few days of each other, the one after being sick for some time while the other took sick suddenly and died. Two large hogs belonging to Mr. Hughes also took sick and died. Mr. Hughes valued his team at $300. We are sorry for his misfortune.

—Mrs. Eleanor Evans, mother of Thomas D. Evans, of this place, died at the residence of her daughter Mrs. Ella Edwards, in Johnstown, on Saturday last. Her remains were brought to this place on Tuesday and interred in Lloyd's cemetery along side of those of her husband David Evans, who died in this place several years ago. She was about 76 years of age.

—Mr. John D. Hughes, a well known citizen of Johnstown and a former resident of Ebensburg, who in partnership with David J. Evans carried on the tailoring business in this place over a quarter of a century ago died at his home in Johnstown on last Friday evening, aged 69 years. Mr. Hughes was a veteran of the Mexican war having been a member of the old Cambria Guards.

—On last Saturday morning a prominent Democrat of this city, posted $500 in the First National Bank to await the posting of a like sum from some Republican on the result of the approaching election. The Democrat wagers that Cleveland will be elected. So far the Harrison men have failed to back their man with the money. The $500 is still in the Bank. Where are the Harrison backers?—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—On October 6th Edward Chatham, of Altoona, aged ten years, was struck on the head with a stone thrown by Joseph Dillon, aged seventeen. He was rendered unconscious by the blow, but soon recovered, apparently, and was about as usual until last Saturday, when he complained of a pain in his head. The pain increased, lock jaw set in, and on Sunday the boy died. A postmortem examination was made, and the physicians announced that death was the result of the wound.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., takes the cake for selling goods cheap for spot cash or trade, as follows: 20 yards calico for $1.00, 20 yards of plaid dress goods for $100, 16 yards of plain (all colors) dress goods $1.00, 10 yards plain alpaca $1.00, 8 yards plain cashmere $1.00, 8 yards Kentucky jeans $1.00, 12 yards gingham $100, 15 yards Canton flannel $1.00, childrens' shoes from 50 to $1.00, misses' shoes from 75 cents to $1.50, ladies' shoes from $1.25 cents to $2.00, boys' boots from $1.00 to $2.00, men's boots from $2.50 to $3.50, and always pays the highest prices for good marketable produce.

—We are informed that a young lady of this place, who was the possessor of a most beautiful head of hair, sold it recently for a handsome sum. She used the proceeds for the purchase of a handsome winter hat and other articles of ornamentation. Such instances are not as rare in these parts as one would suppose. A lady from the east visits this section of the country regularly and usually goes away with a fine supply of natural hair. The ladies who thus part with one of the most beautiful of nature's charms are extremely anxious that their names shall not be known; and we do not propose to give them away.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—Three wagon loads of young men residing in the country, who are far enough behind the age to imagine that Harrison and Morton have a show for election came to town on Wednesday night, and, accompanied by the Ebensburg cornet band paraded through the town. They were an orderly and well behaved crowd of young men, most of them too young to vote and not old enough to know better. Three weeks from now their tail feathers will drop, and by the time another presidential election comes around they will learn wisdom with age, and if they appreciate good government will be found voting the Democratic tickets.

—Sister de-Sales, O. S. B., aged about 43 years, known to the world as Miss Kate McCoy, died in Allegheny city on Tuesday last. Deceased joined the order named about seventeen years ago and entered the Convent in Carrolltown. For a number of years she taught one of the schools in Carrolltown, and by her amiable and kind disposition won the hearts of the children under her tuition, and their parents, who will mourn her death as a member of their own families. Deceased was reared in Allegheny township, where we understand her parents still reside. Her remains were taken to Carrolltown and will be interred in St. Benedict's Cemetery to-day (Friday). May her soul rest in peace.

List of New Subscribers from Northern Cambria.

Since last week the following named new subscribers have been added to the large list who read the FREEMAN:

Mrs. B. A. Blum.	Matthew Weakland.
Lawrence Stitch.	Archie Kirkpatrick.
C. C. McCombie.	W. C. Luther.
Martin Farabaugh.	C. C. Beamer.
P. J. Dietrick.	Celestine Strittmatter
Edward Huber.	Wm. Myers.
Hon. J. J. Thomas.	James Stoltz.
John W. Miller.	C. A. Farabaugh.
C. A. Luther.	J. C. Luther.
Wm. H. Kelly.	John J. Weakland.
Frank J. Haug.	Andrew Illig.
Jas. P. Hoover.	Daniel Buck.
Jas. V. Scanlan.	John Dunlap.
John S. Wetzel.	Philip Glasser.
P. L. Eck	Otto A. Glasser.
Geo. A. Yost.	Catharine McAnulty.
Wm. A. Roffner.	Simon P. Huber.
Prof. I. A. Harvy.	James Harbridge.
Henry J. Behe.	Chrisotom Luther.
Geo. M. Baker.	

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1888:

Michael Hessles and Mary Gilbert, Johnstown.

Frank Cooksley and Jennet Craw, South Fork.

Thomas Monoghan and Mary Gillighan, Gallitzin.

George Pritsch and Lucy Langfiel, Washington township.

Stephen A. Cooper and Lucy Bender, Clearfield township.

Albert Grove and Lulu Colbaugh, Jackson township.

Edward Callaghan, Scottdale, Pa., and Ellen M. Hogue, Allegheny township.

Robert L. Rankin and Jennie R. Carter, Johnstown.

William Lowle and Alice A. Watkins, Gallitzin township.

Frank P. Dawson, Gallitzin and Josie Seymore, Loretto.

Lewis B Goughnour and Phalsta Reed, East Conemaugh.

John W. Gaston, East Conemaugh and Mary C. Simmores, Jackson township.

Wanted.

Every reader of this paper to thoroughly understand that physicians and superintendents of hospitals do not lend their names to anyone to use in connection with an article to advertise, unless, indeed, it reflects credit on both the name and the profession. Yet they cheerfully indorse Klein's Silver Age Rye Whisky over their signatures, and why? Because it really is what it is claimed for it—the best stimulant now known in the market. It is very cheap, only $1.50 per full quart. Ask your druggist for it, and use no other. One bottle possibly may save a sufferer much pain. It is not a cure all, as claimed by would-be competitors, but is a pure stimulant, whose equal is not to be found in the market. Address, for further information, Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., Oct. 17th, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN.—Knowing that you have quite a number of subscribers in this section, we suppose that the following items will not be out of place:

If your space permitted we would be pleased to give each of our business men a special notice, but knowing the situation, we will for the present simply say that each and every business man in this section will treat you honorably. Our hardware dealers, Messrs. A. C. Buck & Co., P. J. Dietrick, and Frank J. Haug, are all keeping up with the times, and those who patronize them will receive first-class goods at honest prices.

Prof. A. R. Read, principal of the Ebensburg schools, was delegated by County Superintendent Leech, who has been confined to his room by sickness for some time, to hold special examinations for teachers of this borough on Saturday last.

The ingenious and false articles in the Johnstown *Tribune* in regard to Mr. Kinney, Democratic nominee for Sheriff, fall harmlessly before the eyes of Democrats in this section, for whom they are likely intended. This is, as it should be, in consequence of the wilful and slanderous articles published in that *sheet* from time to time about Democratic candidates and officials, not only from this portion of the county, but every man who was placed upon the ticket for years.

A twin child belonging to a band of gypsies, who were encamped about a mile south-west of this place, died on Friday night last. Its remains were interred in the cemetery here the following day. It was aged about six days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Schroth returned on Saturday last from a visit to New York city. On their way, of course, they did not forget to visit their sons, John and Edward, the former of whom resides at Hollidaysburg and the latter at Renova.

Mr. Stephen Cooper and Miss Lucy Bender, both of Clearfield township, were married on Tuesday last at St. Augustine by Rev. Father Ryan. Your corresponent was pleased to meet the bride's father here on Monday.

The Carrolltown Distillery will finish operations this month for the fall, and we understand it is the intention of the proprietors to double the capacity next spring.

Mr. Otto Glasser, our tonsorial artist, who is a perfect gentleman, is always ready and willing to accommodate those desiring anything in his line.

Mr. Patrick Foley, of Cameron's Bottom, Indiana county, died suddenly on Thursday night of last week of heart disease, aged about 80 years. His remains were interred at that place on Sunday. Mr. F. was a brother-in-law of Mr. George Sherry, Sr., of Barr township.

A blacksmith shop has been opened at Garmantown by our former townsmen, Mr. Frank Thomas, and those who patronize him will receive good work at the lowest possible rates.

An extension of the Ebensburg and Carrolltown telephone line from this place to Cherrytree, via Hastings, is talked of.

The people of this place are pleased to welcome to their midst Mr. Philip Glasser, merchant tailor, of Reading, who came here for the purpose of following his trade, Mr. G. is a first-class workman, and we recommend him to our Ebensburg friends.

Mr. I. E. Binder, formerly of this place, has been appointed postmaster at the new town of Hastings, but on account of having a position as bookkeeper in Walter S. Weaver's store, Johnstown, the probabilities are that he will not accept the appointment.

We are just informed at this writing that Mr. Henry Miller, of Susquehanna township, and Miss Kate Nagle, of Barr township, were married at Nicktown on Tuesday morning by Rev. Father Theodore.

The proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, this place, has the reputation of being successful in gathering chestnuts, but, nevertheless, we wish him success in his regular business. You can rest assured, however, that his business is being carefully attended to during his absence by Mr. John Shortenearrier.

Mr. John J. Kinney, who will be the next Sheriff of Cambria county, was visiting his many friends in this section yesterday (Tuesday).

With sincere sorrow we chronicle the serious illness of Mr. Philip Gray, the venerable father of our present worthy Sheriff, Joseph A. Gray. He has a dropsical affection, but if the prayers and good wishes of his many friends availeth anything, we are sure he will be able to be out of his room, perfectly restored to health, ere long.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Henry Grey, of Susquehanna township, uncle to Sheriff Gray, had the misfortune to have his leg broken by being kicked by a horse. The age of the respected gentleman is about 80 years.

The addition put to the store of Eckenrode & Hoppel is undoubtedly one of the greatest improvements that has been made in this place for some time. The firm has had beautiful skylights placed in the new apartment, which will afford customers a chance to inspect goods closely. Remember, this is a substantial firm and you will find their goods good and their prices within the reach of everybody.

Our young friend, Mr. Martin Farabaugh, the photographer, is, we are glad to state, doing good work in his line of business.

James P. Eck, junior member of the firm of P. L. Eck & Son, is one of the favorite young men of our town, and those who feel disposed to patronize him can rest assured that they will be treated courteously.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Gray, wife of Mr. Caleb A. Gray, of Hastings, is seriously ill, and our sincere hope is that she may have a speedy recovery.

While threshing with a tread power thresher on the premises of Mr. Andrew White, in Carroll township, the cylinder bursted, and Mr. John W. Miller, who was assisting, narrowly escaped serious injury, if not death.

Prof. I. A. Harvey, geologist, of Beech Creek, Clinton county, is at present sojourning at the St. Lawrence Hotel.

X.

DIED.

PRYCE.—Died at the residence of her parents in Cambria township on Saturday, October 14th, 1888, Miss Mattie J. Pryce, daughter of William D. Pryce, aged 23 years.

SKELLY.—Died at the home of his parents in Cambria township on Wednesday, October 10th, 1888, Raphael H., son of Joseph and Susan Skelly.

They folded his hands
Across his lifeless breast,
Upon his cold and voiceless lips
Their last long kisses pressed,
And mournfully beneath the sod
They laid him down to sleep.

The voice we loved to hear
Is raised with angels praise around the throne.
Wish no; to take it back, the link
That binds you fast,
To that, his radiest home to lead you their at last.

M.

Hay Fever.

suffers ought to know of its efficacy. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded disease. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found.—F. B. Ainsworth, Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind.

—McDonald, Loretto, Pa., always pays the highest prices for all kinds of country produce, butter, eggs, onions, beans, wheat, rye, corn and oats, part cash paid if desired.

FOR SALE.—House and lot in Ebensburg, Pa. A never failing spring, stable and outbuilding on premises. Inquire at E. Dutton & Son, hardware store.
Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1888.

FOR SALE.—The Central Hotel in Ebensburg together with the furniture will be sold at private sale. For terms and particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises. P. F. BROWN.
Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1888.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that on the 12th October, 1888, I purchased 1 gray horse, and 1 bay horse from Mrs. Anna M. Weakland, of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., and that I have left the same in her possession for the term of 90 days. All persons are hereby notified not to meddle or interfere with the same.
R. J. FREE.
Ashville, Oct. 19, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Reade township on or about the fifteenth of June, 1888, a red and white spotted heifer with crumpled horns, no other marks to be seen, aged about thirty months. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of as the law directs.
B. F. MYERS,
Reade Twp., Oct. 19, 1888.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed an auditor to decide upon exceptions filed to the second and partial account of Adam Myers, committee of Peter Myers, a lunatic, and to report a distribution of the fund in his hands, notice is hereby given that I will sit at the Arbitration Room in the Court House, Ebensburg, Pa., on Tuesday, October 30th, 1888, at ten o'clock, A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested must appear or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Oct., 12, 1888.—3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Patrick G. Riley, late of Ebensburg, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES RILEY.
Executor of P. G. Riley, dec'd.
Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1888.—6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James McDermitt, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and all persons having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to MRS. BRIDGET WILLS.
Adm'x of James McDermitt, dec'd.
Clearfield Twp., Oct. 12, 1888.—6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Brookbank, late of Ashville borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and all persons having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to ANNIE BROOKBANK.
Adm'x of David Brookbank, dec'd.
Ashville, Pa., Oct. 5th, 1888.—6t.

NOTICE.—To the heirs and legal Representatives of David Rowland, deceased: Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late residence of David O'Harra, deceased, in the township of Munster, in the county of Cambria, and to be held on the 3rd day of October next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among the heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.
JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.
Ebensburg, Oct. 5, 1888.—3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of an order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the store room of J. C. Noel, at Portage, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, '88.

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following described real estate, viz:

A piece or parcel of land situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Rebe, John McAtamany, Bernard Biglin, Isaac Wike and Joseph Fruithoff, containing one hundred acres, more or less. This land is heavily timbered, and is all underlaid with coal.

Also all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the village of Portage, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining P. R. R. on the north and east, lot of I. C. Caldwell on the south and lot of Albert Deck on the west, containing three acres, more or less, and having thereon erected a two-storied frame dwelling house, a store room and outbuildings, all in good repair. This land will be offered for sale in lots or pieces, as well as in one whole piece.

☞TERMS OF SALE☜

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale, one third in six months, and one-third in twelve months after the confirmation of sale, deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH MILLER,
Assignee of John C. Noel, et ux.
Wilmore, Pa., Oct., 12, 1888.—3t.

Orphans' Court Sale.
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an alias order issuing out of the Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, OCT. 27, '88,

AT 10:30 O'CLOCK A. M.,

the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of James Noon, William Garret, Henry Fritz, of Patrick Conroy and Augustine Wills, containing fifty-four acres, more or less, having a two-storied frame house, a bank barn, and the necessary outbuildings, thereon erected.

The farm is situated close to the village of Munster, and has a good orchard and good water.

☞TERMS OF SALE☜

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the property is sold, the balance of one-third at confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal payments, in six and twelve months thereafter, deferred payments to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

MATILDA FARREN,
Adm'x of Daniel M. Farren, dec'd.
Munster, Pa., Oct. 5, 1888.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 140 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank L house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in a good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

STORE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

One of the best store stands in Loretto, Pa., is offered at private sale with stock and fixtures. Apply to Loretto Merchandise Co., Loretto, Cambria county, Pa.
Loretto, Sept. 21, 1888.

WANTED
Reliable Agents

To sell our NEW HIGH ARM AUTOMATIC LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE. The No. 9.
Liberal Inducements. Address
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
ESTABLISHED 1845. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Oct. 19, 1888.—4t.

E. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872.	ESTABLISHED 1888.
Johnston, Buck & Co.	Carrolltown Bank,
BANKERS,	Carrolltown, Pa.
Ebensburg, Penn'a.	T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.	

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business;

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accommodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

GENERAL
Election Proclamation!

God Save the Commonwealth.

WHEREAS, by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Regulate the General Elections within the Commonwealth," it is enjoined upon me to give public notice of said election, and to enumerate in said notice what officers are to be elected, I, Joseph A. Gray, High Sheriff of the County of Cambria, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a General Election will be held in the said County of Cambria on the

6th DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1888,

(the same being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month), at which time State and County officers will be elected as follows:

THIRTY ELECTORS for President and Vice President.
TWO PERSONS for Judges of Supreme Court.
ONE PERSON for Sheriff of Cambria county.
ONE PERSON for Auditor General.
ONE PERSON for Congress.
ONE PERSON for Senator.
TWO PERSONS for Assembly.
ONE PERSON for Poor Director of Cambria county.
ONE PERSON for Jury Commissioner of Cambria county.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places for holding the aforesaid elections in several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within said county are as follows, to wit:

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ashville, to meet at the house of D. G. Myers in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Allegheny to meet at Bradley's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Adams to meet at the house of Daniel Dunmire, in Adamsburg.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Barr to meet at the school house No. II, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Blacklick to meet at the house on the property of Simon Adams in Belsano, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Cambria to meet at the office of Abel Lloyd at Lloyd Springs hotel, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cambria to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the school house in said ward; 2d ward, in the borough lockup in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Carroll to meet at the house of John Wick, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Carrolltown to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Chest to meet at school house No. 9, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Chest Springs to meet at the house of Jacob Wagner, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield to meet at school house No. 2, adjoining the village of St. Augustine, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Conemaugh to meet at the school house at Singer's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Conemaugh to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the house of Peter Maltzie, in said 1st ward; 2nd ward, at the house of John Swartzman in said 2nd ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cooperdale to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Croyle to meet at the school house in the village of Summerhill, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Dean to meet at Richland's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of East Conemaugh to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ebensburg to meet as follows: East ward, at the office of Richard Jones, Jr., in said ward; West ward, in Council Room, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Elder to meet at the school house in the village of St. Boniface, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Franklin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of South Fork, to meet at the public school house No. 2 of said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Gallitzin to meet at the Mountain school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Gallitzin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Grubbtown to meet at the public school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Jackson to meet at the house of Henry Rager in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Johnstown to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the office formerly occupied by Thomas A. Watters, public square, 2d ward at the office of J. S. Tittle, Esq., on Market street, in said ward; 3rd ward, at the Mansion House, on Broad street, in said ward; 4th ward, at the school house in said ward; 6th ward, at the house of August Weizand in said ward; 6th ward, at the Johnstown pottery in said ward; 7th ward, at the office S. W. Miller in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Lilly to meet at the house of Gephart Bender in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Loretto to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Munster to meet at the warehouse of Augustine Barbin, deceased, in the village of Munster, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Millville to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the lockup; 2d ward, at the hose carriage house in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Prospect to meet at the Council Chamber in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Portage to meet at the school house near the village of Portage.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Reade to meet in the house of Abraham Cornellius, in the village of Glasgow, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Richland to meet at the house of Joseph Geis, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Stonycreek to meet at Jacoby's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Summerhill to meet at school house No. 4 in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Susquehanna to meet at the house of Michael Platt in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of West Taylor to meet at the school house near James Blough's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of East Taylor to meet at the house of Peter Rhoades, near the Hendrick's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of South Fork to meet at public school house No. 2, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Tunnelhill to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Woodvale to meet at the new school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Wilmore to meet at Council Chamber in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington No. 1 to meet at school house No. 3 in said district.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington No. 2, to meet at school house No. 5 on the pike leading from Cresson to Summit.

The electors of the district composed of the township of White to meet at the small store house of John C. Gates in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Yoder to meet as follows: First division at school house No. 3 in said township; 2 division at Beam's school house in said township.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.

Sec. 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the qualifications shall be entitled to vote at all elections.

First—He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second—He shall have resided in the State one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State he shall have removed therefrom and returned within six months) immediately preceding the election.

Fourth—If twenty-one years of age or upward, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

Sec. 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot. Every ballot voted shall be numbered in the order in which it shall be received, and the number recorded by the election officers on the list of voters, with the name of the elector who presents the ballots. Any elector may write his name upon his ticket, or cause his name to be written thereon, and affixed by a citizen of the district. The election officers shall be sworn or affirmed not to disclose how any elector shall have voted, unless required to do so as a witness in a judicial proceeding.

Sec. 5. Electors shall in all cases except treason, felony and breach of surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance on an election, and in going to and returning therefrom.

Sec. 6. Whenever any of the qualified electors of the Commonwealth shall be in active military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States, or by authority from this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual place of election.

Sec. 7. All laws regulating the holding of elections shall be uniform throughout the State but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered.

Sec. 8. Any person who shall give or promise to give to any elector any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election, or for withholding the same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector's vote or for the withholding thereof, and any elector who shall receive or agree to receive for himself or another, any money, reward or other valuable considerations for his vote shall at any election, or for withholding same, thereby forfeits the right to vote at such elections; and an elector whose right to vote shall be challenged for such cause before the election officers, shall be required to swear or affirm that the matter of the challenge is untrue before his vote shall be received.

Sec. 9. Any person who shall while a candidate for office be guilty of bribery, fraud or wilful violation of any election law shall be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this Commonwealth; and any person convicted of wilful violation of any election laws shall, in addition to any penalties provided by law, be deprived of the right of suffrage absolutely for a term of four years.

Sec. 13. For the purpose of voting no person shall be deemed to have gained a residence by reason of his presence, or lost it by reason of his absence, while employed in the service, either civil or military, of this State, or of the United States, or on the seas, or while a student of any institution of learning, nor while kept in a poor house or other asylum at public expense, nor while confined in public prison.

Sec. 14. District election boards shall consist of a judge and two inspectors, who shall be chosen annually by the citizens. Each elector shall have the right to vote for the judge and one inspector, and each inspector shall appoint the clerk. The first election board of any new district shall be selected, and vacancies in election boards filled as shall be provided by law. Election officers shall be privileged from arrest upon day of election and while engaged in making up and transmitting returns, except upon a warrant of a court of record or judge thereof, for an election fraud, for felony, or for wanton breach of the peace. In cities they may claim exemption from jury duty during their terms of service.

Sec. 15. No person shall be qualified to serve as an election officer who shall hold or who shall have held an office or appointment or employment in or under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or county, or any municipal board, commission or trust in any city save only justices of the peace and alderman, notaries public and persons in the military service of the State; nor shall any election officer be eligible to any civil office to be filled at an election at which he shall serve, save only to such subordinate municipal or local officer, below the grade of city or county officer, as shall be designated by law.

And also the following Acts of Assembly now in force in this State, viz:

ACT OF JANUARY 30, 1875.

Sec. 4. That all elections hereafter held under the laws of this Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at 7 o'clock A. M., and close at 7 o'clock P. M.

Sec. 8. Whenever there shall be a vacancy in an election board on the morning of election, said vacancy shall be filled in conformity with existing laws.

The Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act relating to the election of this Commonwealth," passed July 2, 1839, provides as follows, to wit:

That the Inspectors and Judges shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the election in the district to which they respectively belong, before 7 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, November 6th, and each said Inspector shall appoint one Clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

In case the person who shall have received the second highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the day of an election, then the person who shall have received the next highest number of votes for judge the next preceding election shall act as inspector in his place. And in case the person who shall have received the highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend, the person elected judge shall appoint an inspector in his place. And in case the person elected shall not attend, then the inspector who shall have received the highest number of votes shall appoint a judge in his place, and if any vacancy shall continue in the board for the space of one hour after the time fixed by law for the opening of the election, the qualified voters of the township, ward or district for which such officers have been elected, shall elect some one of their number to fill vacancy.

MODE OF VOTING.

The attention of all qualified voters is directed to the following Act of Assembly regulating the mode of voting in this commonwealth:

CHANGE IN MODE OF VOTING.

AN ACT regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of the Commonwealth, approved March 30, 1869:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that the qualified voters of the several counties of this Commonwealth at the general, township, borough or special elections, are hereby authorized and required to vote the t

The Sense of Smell of a Horse.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry, says the *Prairie Farmer*. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniffs, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp.

A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal certificate to the fact.

A blind horse now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable go directly to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish the one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their pilot to it.

The horse in browsing, or while gathering herbage with his lips is guided in its choice of proper food by its nostrils. Blind horses do not make mistakes in their diet. In the temple of Olympus a bronze horse was exhibited, at the sight of which six real horses experienced the most violent emotions. Aelian judiciously observed that the most perfect art could not imitate nature sufficiently well to produce so strong an illusion. Like Pliny and Pausanius, he consequently affirms that in "casting the statue a magician had thrown Hippomanes upon it," which by the odor of the plant deceived the horses, and therein we have the secret of the miracle. The scent alone of a buffalo robe will cause manny horses to evince lively terror, and the floating scent of a railroad train will frighten some long after the locomotive is out of sight and hearing.

A Stinging Story.

Many readers are familiar with Wall's extraordinary feat, in 1849, in driving, according to his statement, a swarm of bees across the plains. A day or two since, as one of our business men was coming down town, he happened to discover a hugh bee quietly resting on Wall's shoulder, as preparations were being made to sprinkle the Court House lawn. "Say, Wall, what are you doing with that bee on your shoulder ?"

Wall was startled for a moment, but recovering his usual composure, spoke with gravity, carrying conviction of untarnishable truth. "I'll tell you, and it's the solemn truth, if ever I spoke it in my life. That bee is the queen of the swarm that I drove across the plains. She has been hunting me for years, and knew me the moment I called her name. You see, she is getting a little gray, but I knew her on sight. She piloted the swarm, and I used to feed her from my own molasses can. That bee is the last of her race, and I shall take care of her in her old age. I tell you John, that bee brings up many reminiscences of that memorable trip. Several times that swarm stood by me in an hour of peril. They could scent an Indian several miles away, and they got to really enjoy an Indian attack. The fact is, they understood tactics as well as the best trained soldiers. When the queen sounded an an alarm every bee was under arm ready for fight. First a skrmish line was thrown out, and you could see more or less uneasiness among the redskins as one and another would claw at his ears, eyes or nose, but when the order to 'charge' was sounded, and the bee battalions began to move in 'double quick,' a "route and stampede always followed. It is a fact, John, if ever I told the truth in my life. What I am saying is true. Those bees fought all my battles across the plains, and this is my 'old queen' sure enough.

A Dog's Devotion.

A touching example of a dog's devotion to its master was seen in Salem, Mass., one day last week. John Gynan, a bachelor, committed suicide by hanging. The police were notified and came to remove the body. An immense Newfoundland dog, the only companion of the suicide, was on guard, lying beneath the body and trying to revive his master by licking his shoes. While the policemen were cutting the dead man down the dog stood by with his eyes riveted on his master's face, but the moment they tried to remove the body he became ferocious. He bit the men until they were glad to beat a retreat. Then he caressed the dead man's face, whining piteously the while. The police tried to coax him away, but he showed his teeth every time they approached and his savage growl warned them to keep their distance. The blockade continued for over an hour. Then one policeman fired two shots at the faithful brute. The dog plunged down the stairs to the door and again blockaded the way, snapping at all who approached. He became so rapid that it became absolutely necessary to kill him. Fourteen bullets were fired at a close range before he fell dead. Then the dead body of the master was carried over the inanimate form of the pet dog.

Go over the orchard at least once a month and search for the borers, or they will bore in too far to be reached. Remove the earth from each tree, and examine the trunk carefully. The borer may be known by the exudations of the tree where it enters, and also by the chips it throws out.

The average age of a hog is only fifteen years. This always consoles us when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a railway car.

Kissing is somewhat like seqen-up—If he begs and she thinks she can make point in the game she will give him one.

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March 16, 1888.-1y.

The Skeleton in the Barn.

This is going to be a great year for the farmers. Never before at this period of the season was there a more favorable prospect of bountiful returns in every department of husbandry. We hear from all sections that the wheat crop has been remarkably good. The barns are fairly bursting with the abundance of the yield. And what is unusual in a good wheat year, the corn promises a good crop. Grass has also done its full duty, and the other products of the laughing fields vie with each other in making this year one of unprecedented abundance to the farmers.

In the midst of this prospective plenty there is a skeleton in the barn. The advantage of such prolific crops is diminished by the effect of vicious tax laws that discriminate against the farmar. His profits are curtailed by trade regulations that compel him to sell his products in the cheapest markets of the world while he must buy his necessaries in a market in which the prices are kept up to the highest figure by a war tariff. What he shall get for his wheat and other cereals is fixed by the prevailing price in Liverpool. The home market, so much vaunted by the supporters of restrictive tariff regulations, is of no consequence whatever in determining the prices he receives for those commodities. He must take his chance in competition with the farmers of all the world in the English free-trade market. But the price of what he buys, whether it be lumber for his house and fences, clothing for himself and family, tinware for his kitchen, plows and harrows for his fields, salt for his pork and butter, and almost every other necessary article used in his household, is fixed by tariff laws made in the interest of the trusts, syndicates and other monopolistic combiniations that subject him to a regular system of robery.

The farmer this year will be favored with unsual returns for the labor he has expended upon his well-tilled fields, yet the skeleton will mar his contentment. But he can remove it by assisting with his vote in reforming the unjust laws that have discriminated against him.

Dressing Poultry.

To dress a fowl with the least trouble, hang it up by the feet so that it will drop a convenient height and attach a wire hook to the under beak of the fowl, to which hang half abrick. Sever the jugular vein with a sharp knife, and proceed to pick, holding the wings with one hand while you pick with the other. Work quickly. Get most of the feathers off the breast side with three or four hand pulls, and change the wings to the other hand held across the breast of the fowl, and with a few pulls get most of the feathers off the back. Grasp one wing at a time, and pull out the long feathers at one stroke. Then finish up the picking entirely before the fowl is taken down. When done, chop off the head, take a sharp knife and cut through the skin around the vent, being careful not to sever the intestine. Pull gently, and as the intestine comes out insert the forefinger and bring out the intestines rapidly, but do not break them. Get them out of the gizzard, and break off there by the thumb and forefinger, and your fowl is ready for the market. If you wish to make ready to cook, the hole must be slightly enlarged and the gizzard pulled out, cut open the inner lining removed, with all gravel, food, etc. A slit must be made in the breast and the crop removed, which should be empty when the fowl is killed. Some people remove the lungs. It is not necessary. The heart should be removed and washed, as some clottled blood is usually around it. The operation of preparing a fowl for market can be done by an expert sometimes in three minutes.

Airing Beds.

It is a false idea of neatness which demands that beds should be made up soon in the morning after being vacated. Let it be remembered that three-fifths of the solids and liquids taken into the stomach should pass off through the pores or the skin—some seven millions in number—and that this escape of poisonous superfluous matter is very rapid at night while one is warm in bed. Nature never provides anything in vain, and the great number of pores in the skin are provided because they have a great amount of work to perform; for it is estimated that at least one-half of the waste and putrid matter, amounting to some twenty or thirty ounces in twenty-four hours, passes the skin; and as we have said, much of it during the night. Therefore, the body clothing and the bed clothing should be eft off in the morning, and the bed clothing either changed, or well aired by turning the cover back for some time before having the bed "made up."

The secret of health consists much more in attention to such apparently little things than in swallowing drugs on all occasions.

English Receipt for Keeping Milk.

An English journal is authority for the following: In hot weather, when it is difficult to preserve milk from becoming sour and spoiling the cream, it may be kept perfectly sweet by scalding the new milk very gently, without boiling. Cream already skimmed may be kept twenty-four hours if scalded without sugar, and, by adding to it as much powdered lump sugar as will make it pretty sweet, will be good for two days, if kept in a cool place. Syrup of cream may be preserved as above in the proportion of one and a quarter pounds of sugar to a pint of perfectly fresh cream; keep it in a cool place for two or three hours, then put it into one ounce or two ounce bottles, and cork it close. It will keep for several weeks, and will be found very useful in traveling, etc.

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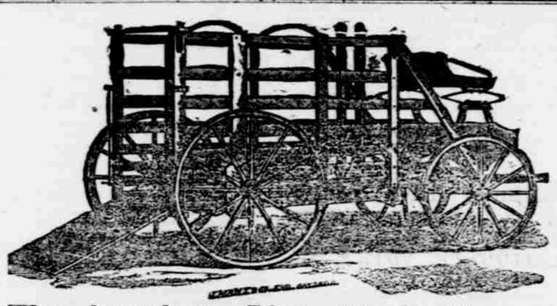

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Golden Gleams.

Prayer is a golden key that should open the morning and lock up the evening.

Friendship which flows from the heart cannot be broken by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring does not congeal in winter.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only see that you have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a renowned hero or saint.

Every reader has his favorite passages—texts to which he will turn in danger or sorrow with special expectation, and promises which will seem to have been expressly written for his personal use.

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot seperate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature immortal and divine.

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage, or worry or nagging. Therefore if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work, do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps, and a man who has these at his command is sure to be a helper to others in the highway of life.

Young men, let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement. You are to strong to be defeated, save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to eat and sleep. Brutes can do these, but you are men. Resolve to rise; you have but to resolve; nothing can hinder your success if you determine to succeed. Do not waste your time by wishing and dreaming; but go earnestly to work. Let not a cavern heart or a love of ease rob you of the inestimable benefit of self-culture, and you shall reap a harvest more valuable than gold or jewels.

Quicksand and Tigers.

The ship has anchored inside of the Hooghly river, one of the many estuaries of the Ganges. The moon has just come up from over a low island to the east. The air is balmy and has the sweet odor of the land. Light clouds move lazily across the ruddy face of the queen of night. A well-born daughter of that far-off island which rules nearly a third of the world by her brain and through her well-filld coffers, is playing with gentle touch the sweet variations of the "Mocking Bird." Refined gentlemen and gentlewoman loil or walk softly about the deck, listening to the music.

It is hard to realize that a few miles up the broad river is a beach outwardly as mild as a meadow lakelet, but whose bottom is a shifting quicksand, to touch which is almost certain destruction to the bravest steamer. Within a few months two fine ships of this company have been sucked in by the sands. One is almost erect. I am told its masts extend a few feet out of the water. The sands suck in ships as leeches take in blood, and are ever ready for more. Vessels are piled one upon the other, swallowed never to be digested. Careful pilotage and daylight are necessary to avoid the hungry monster.

It is hard to realize that on yon low island, just under the low lying moon, tigers are more abundant than in any other part of the world. The keepers of the signal station live within high brick wells, and dare not go a hundred yards beyond them. Refuge houses are built along the coast on high piles close to the water. Canned food, 400 gallons of water, a chart with full directions how to find a port, and a boat are at each. And great placards are stuck up warning the shipwrecked man to beware of the tigers, and to attempt to get off except by day, and at no time to venture into the jungle. The islands and surrounding mainland are swampy, and the low jungles ar said absolutely to swarm with tigers and crocodiles. Nothing less than a tidal wave seems able to drive them away.

To Wash Blankets.

Put a pint of household ammonia in the bottom of your tub, having had the blankets well beaten to remove all clinging dust before you get the tubs out. Then lay the blanket lightly on over the ammonia, and pour upon it a sufficient quantity of warm water to cover the blanket entirely. Then with a stick or the hand, flop the blanket about in the solution, pressing all the water that will come out of it against the side of the tub, without wringing as you remove it to the rinse water. You will be amazed to see the dissolved dirt coming out through the fibres, as no washing or rubbing with soap suds will bring it out. Rinse in the same way, in the same moderately warm water (not boiling water), and by simply pushing the blankets about in the tub. Press through the wringer and hang out to dry in a windy place not in the sun. As the blankets hangs there drying, a little water will collect in the four corners, which it is rather an amusement to squeeze out to help the drying process. If you do not care to put another blanket in the first ammoninated water, which must be done promptly, as the ammonia evaporates quickly, divide the quantity, taking half a pint for each one of the two tubs, and wash two blankets at once. The evaporating ammonia, released by the warmth of the water, can only escape through the blanket which is laid over it in the tub before the water is applied. Hence you get the value of every drop of it. In ordinary cleaning with ammonia, for paint, brasses, silver, etc., mix it with cold water first, and then add a little warm water, to the pail.

The man who respects himself and is conscious that his ardent home will never be satisfied does not proclaim his grief to the world, nor, in all probability, does he tell it to his nearest friend. He wears his shirt of sackcloth, and conceals it under fine linen.

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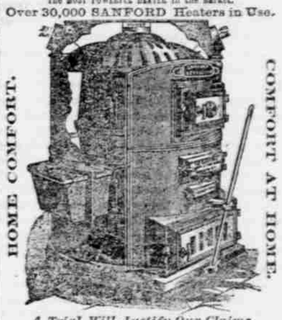

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Soon Will Come the Snow.

White are the daisies, white as curds;
The stately corn is hung with silk;
The roses are in blow.
Love me, beloved, while you may,
And beg the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright;
But soon will come the snow!
Up from the meadow sedges tall
Floats music'ly the lark's clear call;
Scarlet the lillies grow.
Love me, I pray you, while you may,
And beg the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end and dear delight,
The day is long, the day is bright;
But soon will come the snow!
An islet in a shoreless sea,
This moment is for you and me,
And bliss that lovers know.
Love me, beloved. Soon we die,
Joys like the swallows quickly fly;
And love shall end, and all delight,
The day is lone, the day is bright;
But soon will come the snow!

Food For Thought.

Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

How shall a man escape the eye of that which never setteth?

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

He who buys hath need of a hundred eyes, and he who sells hath enough of one.

The injury the world does us is seldom equal to the injustice we offer ourselves.

Counting the chickens before the eggs are laid is the pastime of the modern prophet.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Knowledge is like money—the more it is circulated the more the people get the benefit of it.

Parker says that in America every one gets a mouthful of education, and no one gets a full meal.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could but govern themselves.

Good manners include, not merely pleasant things said and done, but unpleasant ones left undone.

He that would live clear of envy must lay his finger on his mouth and keep his hand out of the ink pot.

Powerful organizations crush out opponents often, by stifling their virtues and appropriating their failings.

There are more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none more useful than discretion.

Prof. Hardy says that strong character, like strong muscles, comes from activity, from warfare, not retreat.

While it is true that marriage is somewhat of a lottery, it is also true that batchelorhood is one unending blank.

Who is the highest, noblest, human man? Is not he whose every action is inspired by love to God and love to man.

Those who think they have only a very small talent, are often most tempted not to trade with it for their Lord.

To marry for money, beauty, fame or selfishness, is debasing. Character is of far more consequence than any of these.

The world would be pleasanter for politicians if we could have one blank day every five years, shutting out the past forever.

There is no policy like politeness; and good manners is the best thing in the world either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

We cannot consecrate ourselves to God by measure, any more than a man can give his daughter in marriage to another by the same.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self beloved is to be cheerful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.

Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless—as if those were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes.

I have seen many dying beds, but never have I seen one which seemed to me to be a proper place in which to make preparation for eternity.

To be happy is no selfish indulgence, no favored condition of fortune; it is a duty we owe to others and to ourselves, a state of mind which we all should strive to acquire.

My principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.

It is in vain for you to expect, it is imprudent for you to ask of God, forgiveness on your own behalf if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.

Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible and not a vice. But there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home.

The Bible, diamond-like, casts a shadow in every direction; torch-like, the more it is shaken the more it shines; herb-like, the more it is pressed the sweeter its fragrance.

Mutual courtesy oils the wheels of life and makes them roll easily. It sweetens what is invariably bitter, and cannot bring about that result save by making the best of things.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy day by measuring the distance we have run without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

A tree will only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all affections, lean towards God or from Him?"

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragraut perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out to my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin, without a flowar, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for the burial. Postmortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward on the way.